

MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

PSYCHO

47357
NO. 8
SEPT.
1972
60¢
K

T.M.

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

SCOURGE OF THE
DEVIL'S
WOMAN



A CHAMBER OF
CHILLS
AWAITS YOU
IN THIS
TERRO-TAUT
ISSUE!

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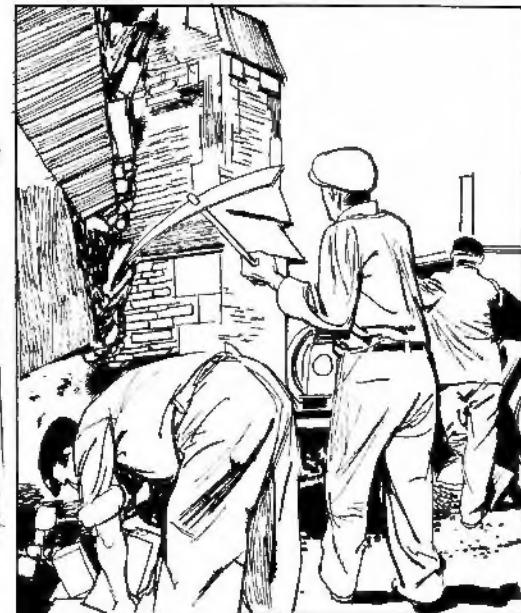
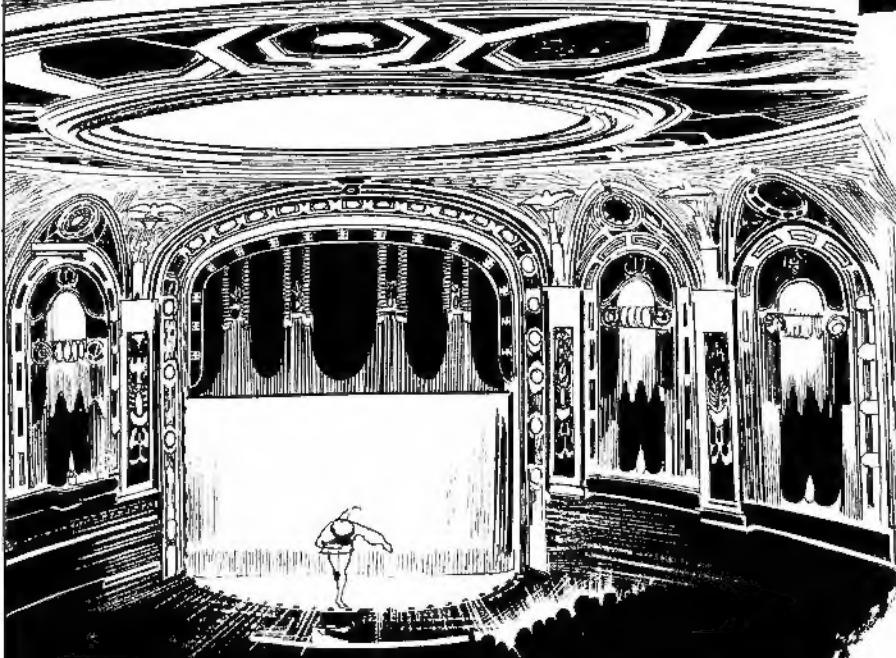


A CHAMBER OF
CHILLS
AWAIT YOU
IN THIS
TERROR-TAUT
ISSUE!

DRURY LANE, LONDON -- A STREET WORLD FAMOUS FOR ITS THEATRE ROYAL...

the theater of HORROR

-PSYCHO SUPERNATURAL SERIES-



IN THE 300 YEARS SINCE THEATRE ROYAL WAS BUILT, DOZENS OF WEIRD APPARITIONS HAVE BEEN SEEN BY AUDIENCES... 'GHOSTS' SUCH AS THE MAN IN GRAY -- WHO WALKS OUT OF A WALL AND INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT... THEN RETURNS TO HIS TOMB AFTER TAKING A BOW ON STAGE!

HIS APPEARANCES DURING PERFORMANCES BECAME SO REGULAR THAT IN THE 1930'S AUDIENCES BECAME ANGRY AND DEMANDED THE MANAGEMENT SOMEHOW REMOVE THE 'UNWANTED ACTOR' FROM THE THEATER...

...SO THE WALL IN WHICH THE SHAKESPEAREAN HAM 'LIVED' WAS TORN DOWN!

DOMINGO AND HEWETSON



THEY DISCOVERED A SKELETON WITHIN-- OF AN UNKNOWN ACTOR IN RAGGED COSTUME... WITH A DAGGER THRUST BETWEEN HIS RIBS! THE BODY WAS THEN REMOVED FROM THE THEATER AND BURIED...

...SINCE THAT DAY... OVER 35 YEARS AGO... THE 'MAN IN GRAY' HAS NEVER APPEARED ON STAGE AGAIN...

...PROOF... IF YOU NEED IT, FACT FIEND, OF HORRORS FROM BEYOND...

PSYCHO

VOL. 1 NO. 8 SEPTEMBER 1972

PSYCHO 8 STARTS HERE, WHERE THE MIND BEGINS TO BOGGLE AND WONDER AND SLIDE OVER CONTENTS SOMETIMES SANE AND SOMETIMES NOT . . . HERE IS WHERE THE MANIACAL MIRACLES ARE ANNOUNCED AND PRONOUNCED READY FOR YOUR CONSUMPTION . . . NOW . . . MAY WE SUGGEST YOU QUIET YOUR SCREAMING WITHINS . . . FOR ANOTHER WORLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER YOU . . .

Publisher: ISRAEL WALDMAN

Editor: ALAN HEWETSON

Business Manager: HERSCHEL WALDMAN

PRESENTING THIS PLEASURE PACKAGE OF ODDLY GATHERED GOODIES

4—**A GARGOYLE — A MAN!** Two things cry their names as nature nurtures this utter primer to life itself when two beings of stone battle the brittle beast 'I' . . .

14—**A THOUSAND FACES OF ULTIMATE HORROR!** In the photo presentation, SCREAM SCREEN conspires to relive the mighty memorable madness of man-macabre LON CHANEY SR.

18—Our cover story . . . **SCOURGE OF THE DEVIL'S WOMAN** . . . jaunts horribly into the never-ever nightmare scene of quieted COMPOUND EVIL!

30—**HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE BLACK RAIN?** Dabbling in Satan-calling, one called Queen Anne the Beautiful plucks at the horrif pendulum with fingers dripping of BLOOD!

39—**THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO** starts on the underside of the world and winds up devouring the earth on ALL FOURS!

50—**BAD CHOKE** curses graveyard corpses in a tale which delightfully devours your every definition of murder, mayhem and, maybe, mockery!

57—**CITY OF CRYPTS!** Buried beneath seering sands of Egypt a black, forgotten cavity called a city contains creeping unknown quantities whose every reason for being is EVIL!



This proud macabre gathering of gargoyle-crypts, black raindrops, thousands of faces, and filthy little houses; destined we hope — to rock your primal spinal, eagerly awaits you to turn the page to where the freaky fun of this issue REALLY BEGINS . . .

TO SHRIEK . . . AT
YOUR
HORROR-MOOD...

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IF YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A **BLOCKBUSTER**--
THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY **IT!**
THE MOST MACABRE CHARACTERS YOU WILL EVER
KNOW-- THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF **EDWARD AND**
MINA SARTYROS... HALF BIRD-- HALF STONE...
HALF HUMAN-- HALF DEMONIC... BROUGHT TO YOU
BY **THE HOUSE OF SKYWALD** AS THE MOST
EXPLOSIVE NEW CHARACTERS OF **THE YEAR!**

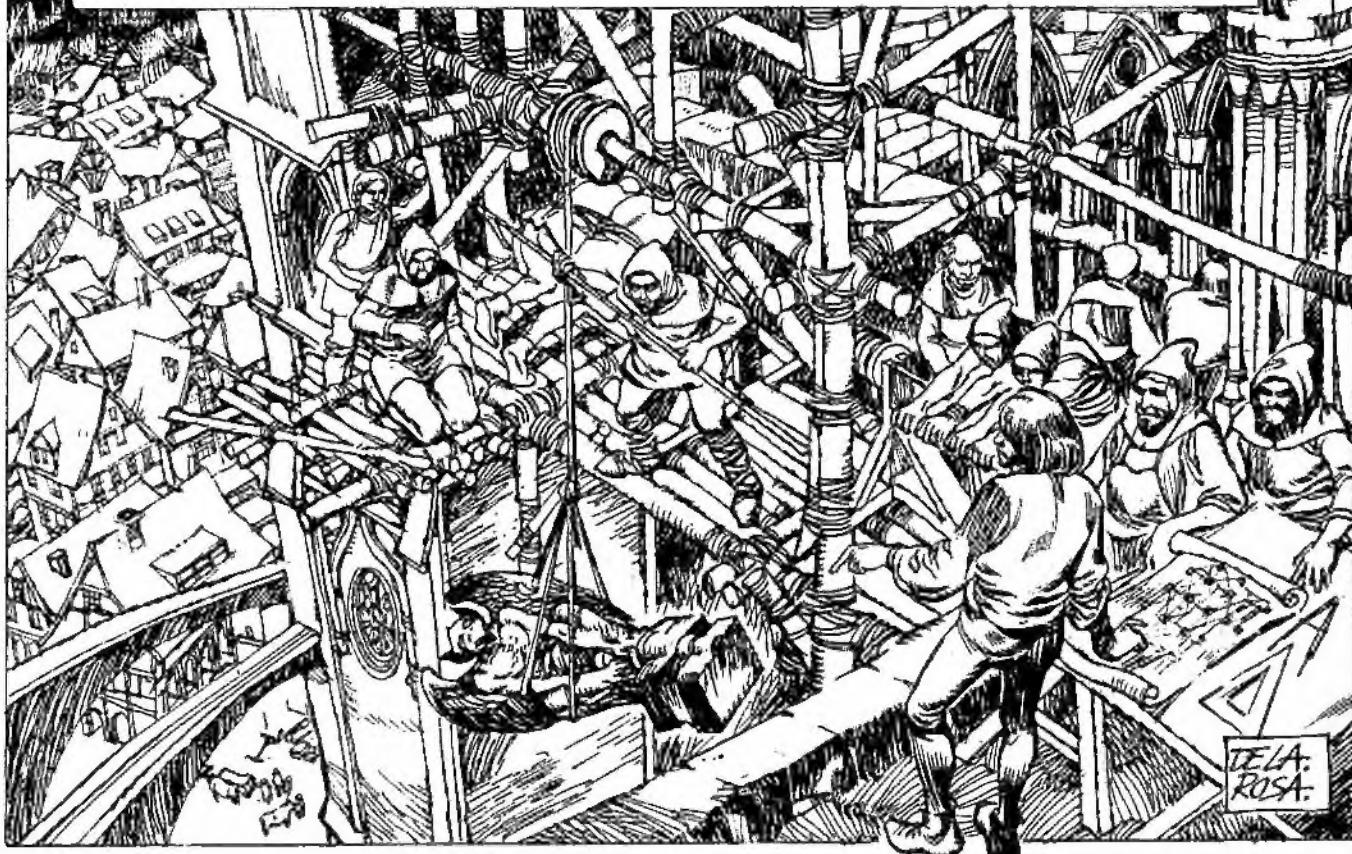
MANY HAVE TRIED TO DEFINE **LIFE**--MEN OF **SCIENCE**...
MEN OF **GOD**... THE **ANSWERS** THEY COME UP WITH ARE
ENDLESS IN VARIATION-- IF THEY PROVE ANYTHING AT
ALL IT'S THAT THERE ARE **NO ANSWERS**...
DO NOT BE **SURPRISED** THEN-- AT THE DARK WONDER
OF THE MACABRE **CREATION** THAT FOLLOWS...
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



a gargoyle-a man!

Witness the Birth of the most Macabre Continued Characters ever by
HERVELSON and DELA ROSA

IN THE YEAR 1427 TWO GARGOYLES ARE HOISTED ONTO A PARAPET OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MENZE IN FRIEDBURG GERMANY!



SHORTLY AFTER THERE IS A VILE STORM... AN UNHOLY BIRTH OF A MIND -- A MIND THAT THINKS-- HEARS -- SEES ...



BUT A MIND THAT CANNOT EXERCISE AUTHORITY OVER ITS PHYSICAL SURROUNDINGS... ITS BODY! IT IS A MIND -- A TORMENTED, TWISTED MIND -- FOR IT IS A MIND IN A PHYSICAL STONE PRISON!



IN THE MONTHS -- YEARS -- CENTURIES THAT FOLLOW
THE GARGOYLES ENDURE COUNTLESS HARSH SEASONS
THAT COME BITING, CHILLING...



BEHIND THEM -- ON A NARROW LEDGE
WITH A BENCH WHERE THE CATHEDRAL
PRIESTS COME TO MEDITATE AND TALK--
THEY HEAR THE LESSONS OF LIFE...



THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE CHANTED WITH LEATHERY TONGUES -- THE GOLDEN FORESTS AND
JUNGLES OF KIPLING -- THE GHASTLY NIGHTMARES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE...



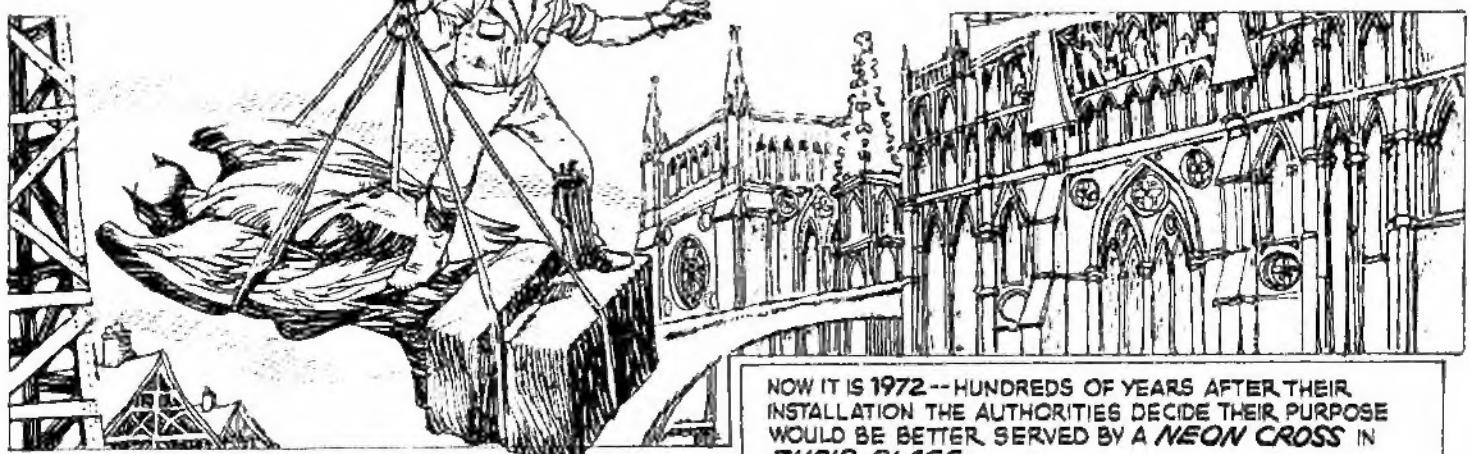
AND AS THE
PRIESTS READ
*ROMEO AND
JULIET*--
*ANTHONY AND
CLEOPATRA*--
THE GREAT NOVELS
OF LOVE AND
ROMANCE ...
THE GARGOYLES
SQUIRM ON
THEIR LEDGE
AND BLUSH
AS THEY TWIST
THEIR EYES TO
SEE THE OTHER...

THEY KNOW WAR-- AND WITH
HUMANITY THEY TOO ARE
WOUNDED ... IN A MOCKING...
JESTING WAY...



A TANK IS BEING CLEANED AND
EXPLODES ACCIDENTLY--THE SHELL
BITES OFF A CHUNK OF HIS STONE
WING -- AND SHE KNOWS THE
PAIN AS MUCH AS HE ...





NOW IT IS 1972--HUNDREDS OF YEARS AFTER THEIR INSTALLATION THE AUTHORITIES DECIDE THEIR PURPOSE WOULD BE BETTER SERVED BY A NEON CROSS IN THEIR PLACE...



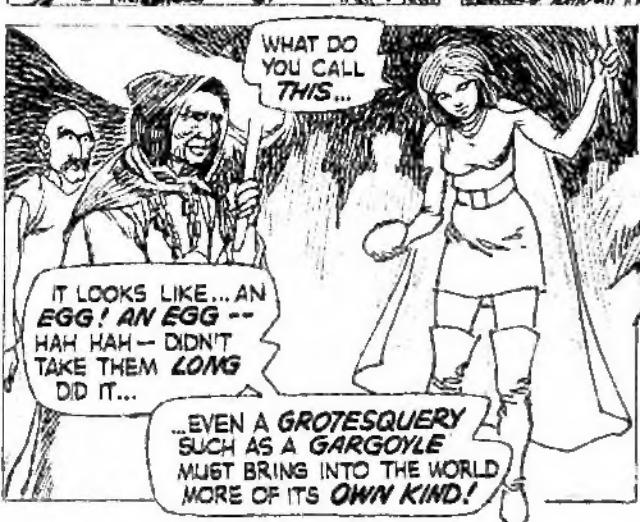
AND SO THEY ARE TOSSED AS GARBAGE INTO A NEARBY GRAVEYARD--AMIDST A PILE OF DEAD SCULPTURE AND MORTAR...

BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS--FOR AS THEY FALL FROM THE WORKMEN'S HANDS THEY TOUCH--SILENTLY, SOFTLY, FOR ONLY A SECOND... BUT THEY FEEL THE LOVE OF THE OTHER...

THAT NIGHT THERE IS A CONGREGATION IN THAT CITY OF CRYPTS--AN UNHOLY CONGREGATION OF THE DREADED CULT KNOWN AS ... SATANISM!

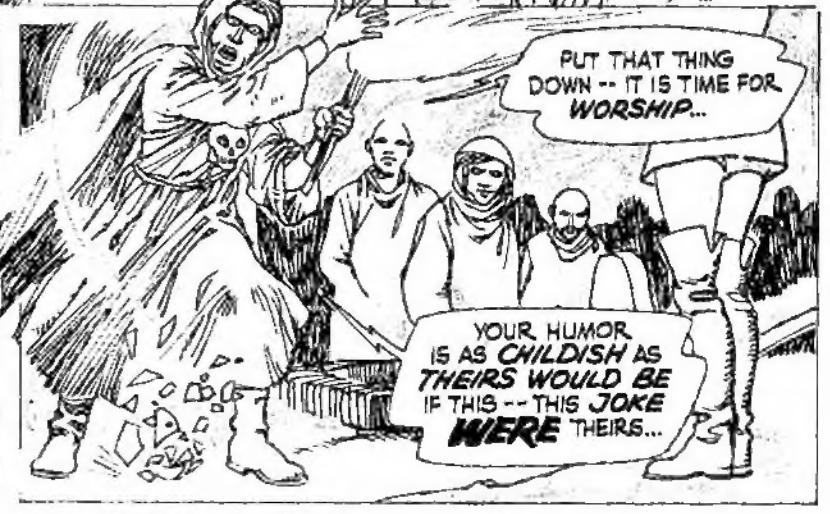


GARGOYLES-- HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THEM ABOVE THE CATHEDRAL? THEY JUST TOOK THEM DOWN TODAY...



IT LOOKS LIKE...AN EGG! AN EGG -- HAH HAH-- DIDN'T TAKE THEM LONG DID IT...

...EVEN A GROTESQUERY SUCH AS A GARGOYLE MUST BRING INTO THE WORLD MORE OF ITS OWN KIND!



YOUR HUMOR IS AS CHILDISH AS THEIRS WOULD BE IF THIS -- THIS JOKE WERE THEIRS...

THE WIND HOWLED THAT NIGHT-- NOT FAR FROM WHERE THE GARGOYLES LIE THE SATANISTS CHANT...



LATER THAT NIGHT TWO DARK FIGURES **GROPE** THROUGH THE **ALLEYS** OF FRIEDBURG --FLEEING THE IMMINENT THREAT OF **ARMED REVENGE** BY SATAN'S DARK FORCES...



AND ON THAT MORN...

WHO'S
IN THERE--
WHO'S THERE--
I CAN
HEAR
YOU...

WE'RE
DISCOVERED--
WE HAVE TO
MOVE AGAIN
DEAREST...

I HEAR YOU-- WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER-- DON'T YOU REALIZE I
CAN'T SEE -- I NEED AN ANSWER
FOR MY EARS TO KNOW WHO
YOU ARE!

HE'S--
HE'S
BLIND!

WE ARE-- TRAVELLERS... WE
JUST USED YOUR BARN FOR A FEW
HOURS TO REST-- WE NEEDED
THE REST-- MY... MY WIFE
NEEDED THE REST!

YOU'RE WIFE! WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY YOUR GOOD WOMAN
WAS WITH YOU-- COME INTO
THE HOUSE-- YOU COULD USE
SOME HOT NOURISHMENT!

WELL HERE--
TAKE THIS...

NOW TELL ME-- WHAT
ARE YOUR NAMES-- WHAT
DO YOU DO FOR A
LIVING...

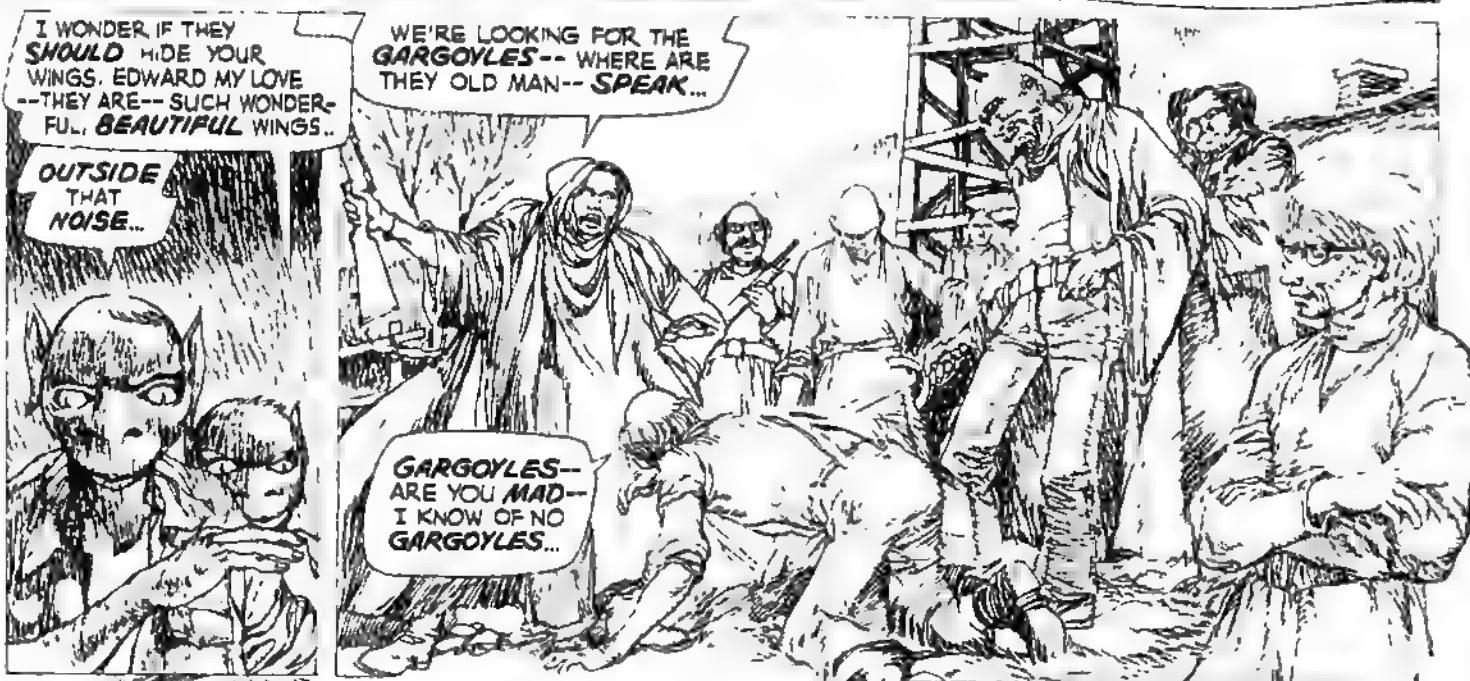
FOOD-- YOU ARE VERY
KIND-- NEITHER OF US
HAVE EATEN IN--IN
A VERY LONG TIME...

OUR NAMES?-- I
AM EDWARD SARTYROS...
MY WIFE... MY WIFE
IS MINA...

AND WHAT
DO YOU DO FOR
A LIVING...

FOR A LIVING--
WE'D DO...
ANYTHING!

WELL THAT'S EASILY SOLVED
EDWARD-- I NEED A COUPLE OF
GOOD WORKERS TH THIS TIME OF YEAR
--CROP HARVEST-- YOU CAN LIVE
IN THAT BACK ROOM-- AND
YOU'LL FIND WORK CLOTHES
IN THE CLOSET THERE TOO...





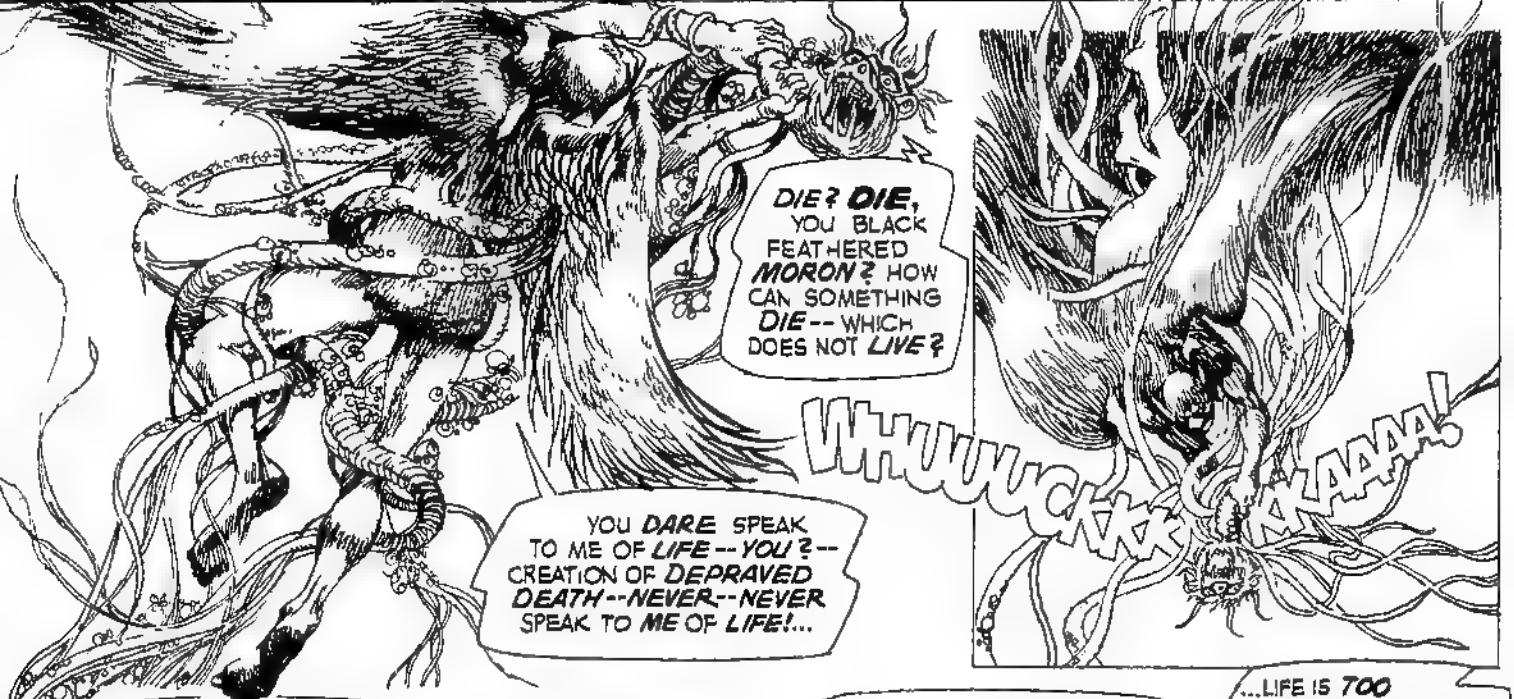
CRAWL IN THE DUST
FIENDS -- PRAY TO
YOUR MASTER YOUR
LAST PRAYER -- IN
A MOMENT YOU
WILL MEET H.M. FOR
THE FINAL TIME...



OH GRAND LUCIFUGE -- WE BESEECH
THEE -- SEND US THE BOON YOU
PROMISED US -- SEND JS YOUR
ULTIMATE WEAPON...

ULTIMATE
WEAPON -- OF
WHAT DO YOU
SPEAK?







SCREAM SCREEN:

MONSTER-MASTER LON CHANEY:

— The Man-Macabre whose uncountable movie disguises were so horrific they even made a movie about HIM. . . .

— The Man-Macabre whose terrifying make-up as the phantom of the opera made the censors SHUDDER. . . .

The first and finest international horror star was Lon Chaney. . . . • • • • •
Rubbish! To promptly give over-general statement? If so, consider —
It is common knowledge and with no reservation of need to declaration
by every other horror-master the medium has ever produced! Bela Lugosi,
Boris Karloff, Peter Cushing, Vincent
Price, Peter Lorre, Christopher Lee —
They ALL agree — **CHANAY IS THE
MASTER!**

Why? He has a genius they say, or
more, and genius is rare. It's a word
bandied about wherever incompetents
gather to describe men at the peak of
their waltz — but rarely is it used prop-
erly! It's a bit like the word 'madness'
a word intended to denigrate and pro-
voke. . . another too-common word too-
often unjustified.

Perhaps!

There is a mingling of genius and
madness in the myriad eternities
and if ever they are fixed it is upon
the mad, genius-Lon Chaney whose
works are what this photo
shows.



A Thousand Faces of Ultimate Horror

In the 50's they made a film about Lon Chaney, with James Cagney in the lead role, called 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'! It told the story well, of the man who was born of deaf-mute parents: The child Lon learned the pantomime early in his life as he was forced to communicate with his parents by using his hands, his faces, his eyes — to express a point. He would act out his adventures for them with short plays and dramas both entertaining and informative — for he was telling them

of his mind — even as he told us, through the medium of movies, many years later.

Between 1913 and 1918 he played a 100 minor roles, many of which he directed and wrote himself. In 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', 1923, he directed the famous trial of Esmeralda The Gypsy Girl.

His famous films are his silents — like Universal's 1923 version of Victor Hugo's powerful 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', for the most directed by Wallace Worsley. In this extra-

ordinary horror vehicle Chaney played Quasimodo the tortured hunchback, while Patsy Miller portrayed Esmeralda and Norman Kelly played the role of Captain Phoebus.

In his most famous rôle as Erik the phantom in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' of 1925 — directed by Rupert Julian from the screenplay of Elliot Clawson, adapted from the 1908 novel of the same title by Gaston Leroux — Chaney Unmasked — It is this scene for which he has been touted as the

master of make-up.

Gaston Leroux sets the scene:

"I wanted desperately to see beneath the mask. I wanted to know the face of the voice and, with a movement which I was utterly unable to control, my fingers swiftly tore away the mask. I fell back against the wall and he came to me, grinding his teeth hideously, and, as I fell upon my knees, he hissed mad, incoherent words and curses at me. Leaning over me, he cried, 'look! Do you want to see? See! Feast your eyes, and your soul on my cursed ugliness! Are you satisfied?'

"And drawing himself up to his full height, with his hands on his hips, wagging the hideous thing that was his head on his shoulders, he roared, 'Look at me!' . . . and when I turned away my head and begged for mercy, he drew my head back to him, brutally, twisting his dead fingers into my hair."

"Then he hissed at me, 'Ah, I frighten you, do I? Perhaps you think that I have another mask, eh, and that this head is a mask? well,' he roared, 'tear it off as you did the other! I insist! Give me your hands!' And he seized my hands and dug them into his awful face. He tore his flesh with my nails, his terrible dead flesh!"

In this astonishing disguise as a cripple in 'THE PENALTY', Chaney is reported to have been in agony from the restrictions of his self-imposed bonds!



As the macabre Erik in 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA', Chaney literally petrified audiences!

In the film . . .

Chaney sits masked, playing his organ, while behind him Mary Philbin as Christine Daae lurks curiously — dreaming and slowly losing her senses — until she can no longer hold herself — she rushes at the masked monster, ripping at his mask, tearing 'till it falls to reveal Chaney's death skull — he rises to unbelievable dimension, hovering over the paralyzed girl — then the audience — we — shriek — for this is a thousand faces of ultimate horror within one, the face of DEATH!





'MOCKERY' was one of Chaney's personal favorites — his feeling for the utter depravity of his character was a brilliant and stunning psychological drama!

Characterization was Chaney's life . . . and in 'MR. WU' he captured every element of his portrayal in the great-grand style of a master!



Lon Chaney's make-up was unrivaled; He even prepared a reference for *encyclopedia britannica* on his art.

He would go to great lengths to produce his desired effect; in the phantom of the opera just described, his face was made by affixing pieces of wire to expose his gums, while metal distended his nostrils, uplifted his nose, and pulled at the corners of his lips to expose rotting dead teeth, his cheek bones were distorted by stuffing his mouth with cotton padding, and his eyes were bulged and saddened by means of chemicals. Many fellow workers at the time were sure his appearance was so grotesque the film would never be shown.

He has also played a legless man in 'THE PENALTY', has grown a hump in 'THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', lost his arms in 'THE UNKNOWN' — an eye in 'THE ROAD TO MANDALAY', and been a paraplegic in 'WEST OF ZANZIBAR'.

The meaning of madness was never so clearly defined as in 'MONSTER', in which Lon Chaney literally forgot all definition of reason!



In 'BLACK BIRD' Chaney manipulates his bizarre body through the ultimate of lunatic sensations and circumstances.



'LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT' is the essence of Chaney's seething insight into the snarling underlife of city-gutter helldom!



When sound arrived in 1927 he adapted easily, re-making his silent success again — 'THE UNHOLY THREE', in which he plays one of three weirdly collected criminals — a ventriloquist who masquerades as an old lady — a part in which he assumed 4 voices! It looked like sound was going to make Lon Chaney an even bigger star than before — and many new roles were planned for him—including 'DRACULA' (which was instead given to Bela Lugosi, making him a star virtually overnight.)

But overwork put Chaney in a Los Angeles Hospital where it was realized he had fatal cancer. On August 26, 1930, he died in silence due to his disease; in his last days forced by nature to communicate with those around him in the sign language and pantomime he had made famous on the silent screen years before!

But, let us realize one thing — LON CHANEY is NOT dead . . . His life's work is very much a part of all of us!

A partial listing of LON CHANEY'S motion pictures . . .

BLACK BIRD, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, LAUGH CLOWN LAUGH, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, MOCKERY, MONSTER, MR. WUE, NEXT CORNER, OUTSIDE THE LAW, PENALTY, PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, ROAD TO MANDALAY, TELL IT TO THE MARINES, TRAP, THUNDER, TOWER OF LIES.

DEVIL'S WOMAN

IT MATTERED NOT
IF SHE WANTED TO
BE HUMAN, IF SHE
TRIED TO BE
NORMAL. ONLY
ONE FACT
PREVAILED...
SHE WAS THE...

HA
HA
HA HA

NO!!
NO!!

IT HURTS--
PLEASE STOP IT--
PLEASE!

MARTA--MAKE
IT STOP--

ARGHHHH!





SILKY WINTRY SNOW
CASCADES DOWNWARDS
ONTO THE CRUMBLING
VERMONT MANSION KNOWN
TO ALL AS PAGAN ESTATES.
A ONCE GRAND MANOR OF
THE EARLY ARISTOCRATS, BUT
NOW, A DECAYED RUIN WASTING
AWAY ON THE DESOLATE
YAWNING PRECIPICE KNOWN
AS HAUNTED HILL...

THE ICY BLEAKNESS OF THE VERMONT HILLSIDE SLIPS
UNDER THE SOUND OF A BLITHE HAUNTING MUSIC...



WHAT WAS THAT? IT
SOUNDED LIKE SOME
GOD-SCARING
SCREAM!

THE HOUSE...
JUST THE SOUND
OF THE HOUSE...
NOTHING MORE!

THERE'S A
KNOCK AT THE
DOOR. WILL SOME-
ONE PLEASE OPEN
IT FOR ME.

I'LL
GET IT,
MARTA.

GOOD
LORD!

WHAT IS
IT? WILL
SOMEONE
TELL ME?

CREATURE...

DEAD...JUST
THOSE ODD
WORDS AND
HE'S DEAD!

CREATURE
FREE--HELL
BROKE
LOOSE...

SORRY THIS HAD TO
HAPPEN, MARTA. BUT HE
MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY.
ANY IDEA WHO HE IS?

NO...I...I...

OH--OF COURSE
--I FORGOT. HAVE
A GOOD NEW
YEAR, FOLKS!

THE POLICE LEAVE AS QUICKLY AS THEY CAME AND THE FESTIVITIES QUIETLY CONTINUE. BUT THE MOOD OF THE NIGHT HAS MOST DEFINITELY BEEN CHANGED...

CREATURE? BEFORE HE DIED HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A CREATURE...

ODD--THIS HOUSE WAS ONCE RUMORED TO HAVE CREATURES--HIDEOUS DISGUSTING CREATURES RAMPAGING ABOUT.

THEY SAY THAT MARTA'S PARENTS WERE MEMBERS OF SOME PERVERTED WITCH CULT--THAT THEY CALLED ON SATAN AND OTHERS OF THE DAMNED TO APPEAR BEFORE THEM.

AND STRANGELY ENOUGH--THAT FIRE --THE ONE WHICH KILLED HER PARENTS...

THAT TOOK PLACE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE EXACTLY 20 YEARS AGO TODAY!

ONLY GOOD THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO MARTA WAS MARRYING THAT EUROPEAN COUNT--

THERE'S JUST SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT'S DIFFERENT ...THAT EXCITES ME!

HE'S SO POWERFUL... MYSTERIOUS...

MY FRIENDS--THE NEW YEAR IT DRAWS NEAR, AND THERE IS A STORY I MUST TELL, AND YOU MUST HEAR.

IT IS AS STRANGE AS THE SEETHING FLAMES OF HELL'S FIRE, AND AS COMPELLING AS THE BECKONING FINGER OF DEATH'S SHROUD!

COME CLOSER, MY FRIENDS...



"IN MY COUNTRY...HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO...THOSE WHO WORSHIPPED IN THE CHURCH OF SATAN WOULD HOLD THEIR HOLY COMMUNIONS EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE..."



"THE ANIMAL LAMB WOULD BE BURNT, AND SATAN WOULD GIVE HIS WORSHIPERS ANOTHER YEAR OF PEACE WITH THEIR TWICE DAMNED SOULS..."



BUT AS THE YEARS PROGRESSED, SATAN WANTED MORE THAN LAMB'S BLOOD FOR HIS SACRIFICIAL RITES... HE WANTED THE FLESH OF A YOUNG VIRGIN...FOR THE LORD OF THE DAMNED NEEDED PURITY TO CORRUPT.



WHY ARE YOU TELLING US ALL THIS? YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME. THIS IS NEW YEAR'S EVE...IT SHOULD BE FUN...WE SHOULD BE DRINKING...DANCING...TO OUR FUTURES...

THERE ARE NO FUTURES... ONLY THE LINGERING AURA OF THE PAST HOLDING TIGHT ONTO ETERNITY.

AND THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE CLARION CALL OF DARKNESS...



SATAN WANTED TO END HIS EXILE IN HELL, AND RETURN TO THE EARTH ONCE MORE. HE MADE CONTACT WITH TWO OF HIS WORSHIPERS... TWO BELIEVERS... TWENTY YEARS AGO...IN THIS VERY HOUSE!

THEN IT'S TRUE... MARTA'S PARENTS WERE MEMBERS OF A WITCH CULT!



QUIET--YOU FOOL...AND LISTEN. TWENTY YEARS AGO CONTACT WAS MADE, BUT THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT...A HIDEOUS ACCIDENT!

SATAN WAS BROUGHT TO THIS EARTH, BUT HE HAD BEEN CHANGED... HIS FORM ALTERED BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING US THIS... WHY???



CAN'T YOU GUESS? SATAN THRIVES BENEATH THIS HOUSE...THIS VERY HOUSE, AND HE DEMANDS MORE SACRIFICES...

SACRIFICES TO GIVE HIM STRENGTH...THIS YEAR AS HE HAS ALWAYS NEEDED EACH NEW YEAR'S EVE...

SACRIFICES... AND YOU ARE THEM!

THE LIGHTS-- THEY'RE OUT!

A POWER FAILURE... SOMEONE GET A MATCH ...LIGHT ONE OF THE CANDLES.

NO! LET US REMAIN IN DARKNESS. FOR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY THRIVES BEST IN THE EBONY SHADOWS OF NIGHT!



GIVE YOURSELVES GLADLY
TO OUR LORD SATAN...AND ALL
REWARDS SHALL BE YOURS!

THERE CAN BE NO
GREATER GLORY THAN TO
BE TAKEN BY HIM!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE HARD WOODEN FLOOR MELTS UNDER THE FRIGHTENED FEET OF THE FEAR-CRAZED GUESTS, AND THEY FALL DOWNTOWARDS A PULSATING HORROR BELOW...



WAUGH!

OTHER WAY? YOU SPEAK AS IF **WE** DECIDED ON THIS COURSE, NOT SATAN, OUR MASTER.

AND SATAN IS NEVER WRONG!

BESIDES, WE ARE NOT FINISHED HERE... THERE IS ONE MORE DEED TO DO.

SATAN IS **NOT** YET APPEASED, MY LOVE... FOR IT HAS BEEN TWENTY LONG YEARS SINCE HE TOOK UNTO HIMSELF A WIFE... AND **YOU** WERE THE RESULTS OF THAT MEETING!

LET US LEAVE MY HUSBAND. I CAN TAKE THEIR PITIFUL SCREAMS NO LONGER!

SURELY, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OTHER WAY...?

AND NOW, SATAN MUST CREATE ANOTHER CHILD... **GO** TO HIM, MARTA, AS YOUR MOTHER, ONCE SO UNHESITATINGLY **DID!**

NO--!



NO! I NEVER KNEW... NEVER!

I BELIEVED SO LONG... I TRULY BELIEVED THAT THEY DIED TRYING TO BRING SATAN BACK...

BUT NOT THIS WAY... NOT AS SATAN'S WOMAN NOW...

MARTA, COME BACK!

THROUGH THE TANGLED CREEPING VINES OF FAGAN ESTATES, THROUGH THE DARK WORLD OF DESPERATE TERROR... OF THE DESPERATE BLIND, MARTA FLEES...

NOOOO--!



COME BACK, MARTA...IT
IS USELESS TO RUN...SATAN
WANTS YOU...AND HE WILL
HAVE YOU.

SATAN'S DAUGHTER...
THAT'S ALL I AM...

BUT IF I AM HIS DAUGHTER
THEN I HAVE HIS POWERS
UNTAPPED POWERS I HAVE
ALWAYS HAD...

BUT
NEVER.
BEFORE
KNEW...

NEVER!
HOW COULD I
HAVE BELIEVED
SO LONG...AND
FOOLISHLY...
HOW??

DIE...
ALL OF YOU
...THE HOUSE
...MY HUSBAND
...SATAN!

ALL OF YOU
DIE IN HELL'S
OWN FLAMES...

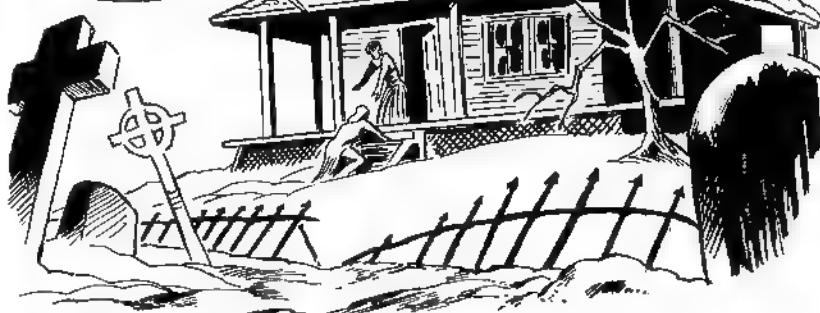
THE TIMBERS,
ROTTEN WITH AGE,
COLLAPSE IN A
PAROXYSM OF
STYGAN HORROR...
BUT THE FLAMES
PRESS INWARDS,
CONSUMING ALL
RATHER THAN OUT
INTO THE BITTER
JANUARY MORNING...

AND MARTA RUNS, GROPING BLINDLY INTO THE WINTER'S FREEZING HOARFROST, RACING PAST THE OVERTURNED MARKERS OF ANCIENT GRAVES... TO THE EDGE OF THE TINY NEW ENGLAND TOWN OF SATAN'S-HEAD TO...

MARTA? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE LIKE THIS? YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS CHASING YOU!

COME IN, CHILD... COME IN.

NO NIECE OF MINE IS GOING TO STAND IN THAT COLD WHEN I GOT ME A FIRE GOING...



YOU LOOK DEAD TO THE WORLD...

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LIE DOWN FOR AWHILE... I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE BED!

NO! LET ME SPEAK! I'VE GOT TO-I MUST!

AND THEY'RE DEAD... ALL OF THEM!

HUSH, CHILD... YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING. WHY DON'T YOU JUST LAY DOWN FOR A WHILE?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU JUST DON'T. I'M SO CONFUSED... MAYBE I AM TIRED, AUNT MARTHA... I WILL LIE DOWN... BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ME--I CAN FIND THE WAY MYSELF!

GO ON IN, DEAR... JUST GO IN AND LAY DOWN ON THE BED...

MARTA STEPS INTO THE ROOM AND FAILS TO HEAR THE PULSATING HORROR BEFORE HER, CRYING OUT FOR HER...

IT'LL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD... IT REALLY WILL...

...AND THE QUIET LAUGHTER OF THE MAN SHE CALLS HER HUSBAND, AND THE ONE WHO IS HER AUNT AS SHE STEPS INTO ETERNITY AND HELL'S ENDLESS CYCLE... FOR SATAN MUST BE appeased...

THE END

PSYCHO DELIVERY

PSYCHO-men, all I can say is that you've surpassed even yourselves this time. PSYCHO #6 was fantastic! I have every issue of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, namely because the price is just right for the number of pages and the quality of the art and stories.

I thought your best story AND art in this issue was in 'Sand Castle', with the '7th Voyage of Sinbad' coming in a close second in ratings. Keep those movie sections coming...they serve as a great change of pace after reading 3 or 4 stories to relax a spell with some good photos. And you're the only horror magazine publisher that does it! It has to figure tho — ALL your material is refreshing and original!

Kent Kirby
Naples, Florida

You're kind words are taken to heart Kent, and rest assured we'll make the photo-feature a regular feature. We've had more complimentary fan mail on this new idea that we even dreamed, and so we've sent out photo-researchers to dig up as many rare stills as possible, which we'll be presenting in upcoming issues.

PSYCHO #6 was by far the best issue of its kind ever to be released...every story was a gem. I would like to order a few back issues for both PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, but if I cut out the coupon I also cut out valuable artwork on the other side of the page — which, as an art collector — I really can't bring myself to do!

Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining — unlike other magazine publishers these days who load their magazines with stupid, junky ads for inferior products — you

prefer to place just a few ads (service ads which aid the reader in collecting) and instead you fill the magazine with top stories and art...from cover to cover' like the saying goes! No, I'm not complaining, I just want to know what to do about this!

Jeffrey Innes
Hartford Conn.

Very kind of you Jeff, thanks for your remarks. It is virtually impossible to know what to do in this regard. We want to place the ads so that back issues and special products can be obtained by you readers, but where to place them is an impossible problem! We suggest as an alternative, either to type or print very clearly on a plain sheet of paper what you'd like...exactly as it appears on the coupon itself! Okay?

Hey hey hey...here come some compliments guys...well earned compliments for a terrific PSYCHO #7!

'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' was one of the finest, if not the finest, stories I've ever read in a comic magazine. Pablo Marcos did a superb job on the art, Segrelles produced a masterful cover, and Al Hewetson's script should be made into a movie it was so good! What a great idea, having the reader 'see' the story thru his own eyes...each panel unfolding a plot which was exciting and dynamic!

Lesley Smith
Sudbury Ontario

Many thanks Les...we'll pass your comments on to the 3 gentlemen responsible for this popular story. But wait'll your eyes grab a hold of the letter that follows!

I understand that my teenage son Lesley has written to you, a few days ago, about your magazine PSYCHO and the cover story for issue number 7, called 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' by Alan Hewetson and Pablo Marcos. I've never read a comic magazine in my entire life, although I do occasionally follow 'The Wizard of Id' and certain other newspaper strips, so I have no form of reference by which I can judge the quality of this particular story, which my son handed to me and demanded I read. But I can say that I am very much impressed by this particular story, as well as your entire magazine. Simply, I

never honestly realized what real quality and professionalism went into such comics — your material is excellent, and you've made yourselves another PSYCHO fan-reader.

James Smith

Sudbury Ontario

For once Jim and Les, we're at a loss for words...



You want 'em rated...okay here goes: the cover story by Al Hewetson and Pablo Marcos has gotta be number 1, no question about it! So #1 is 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell'. #2 I figure has gotta be Dennis Fujitake and 'The Family Jewels'...#3 would be 'The Tormented One'...#4 is the Heap story 'A Spawn of Satan'...#5 was 'Kerene'...#6 was 'Horror has 1 Thousand Faces'...#7 was the photo feature 'Masters of Blood'...#8 was 'I...am Demona'...#9 was 'The Discombobulated Hand' which I didn't like at all! Well, it started off nicely and then fell kinda flat! #10 was the 2 pager at the back of the book...yeesh...the art was nice but the story line was dumb! Anyway...my congratulations to Hewetson and Marcos for a team-up on 2 great pieces of comic literature: 'Asylum' and 'Heap'.

Lionel Greene
Berwick Illinois

Our thanks to you Lionel, for your ratings and kind words. And we add our own congratulations to the 'team' of Messrs. Hewetson and Marcos for the cover story 'The Asylum of Frozen Hell' which received a tremendous reaction from you readers.

Holey Moley...ten stories in one issue...that's almost unbelievable! I want to say that I enjoyed the entire issue, especially the photo feature 'Master's of Blood'! I hope you keep producing these fine photo features, because for one thing they make for an excellent collection of articles on the great horror movies of all time. I generally don't save comic magazines but I've clipped out these photo pieces and have them all in a special binder. Please keep them coming and I'll be your fan forever!

Dennis Allen

West Greenwich Center, RI.
In that case we will Dennis...and we're glad we can be of service to your photo collection. You might also be interested in the photo feature we've just started in our companion magazine to PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, which in issue #8 features a new photo review column which takes a look at the best of current movies. In this first presentation we comment on TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

You always seem to have almost all the artists and writers I like most and the finest all-round issues in the comic horror market. Psycho #6 was no exception. The artists I like this issue were Pat Boyette, Jeff Jones and Sean Todd. Rating the stories is a good idea. I rated your features: 1 - 'Heap' 2 - 'Vow' 3 - 'Sleep' 4 - 'Frankenstein' 5 - 'Midnight Slasher' 6 - 'Sand Castle' 7 - 'Voyage of Sinbad' 8 - 'Of a Sudden'. Just because I rated something #8 doesn't mean I thought little of it, in fact, I thought 'Of a Sudden' was great!

Your photo special this month was good reading but I'm looking forward to seeing some of the English movies done in your magazines...like Hammer Films' Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing movies. I'm also looking forward to a feature on Vincent Price.

Mike Phillips
Tornado WV.

Many readers have written in to us listing their preferences just like you did Mike...and its a great help to us in planning stories and art for the future...keep them coming in...we'd like your views on this issue too!

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST



by Alan Hewetson

It's a mad-turvy world this, things up one year down the next, eras of abominations and haunting horrors, others of romantic apathy when the wonders of gothic fantasy are reserved for those with private, personal ambitions to re-read the classics macabre...those divine horrors that, while few in quantity, are forever criterions of quality.

Well, what we're saying of course is that there's a BOOM in horror on! We're finding new and excellent motion pictures like TALES FROM THE CRYPT, new and fine novels such as Wheatley's continuing Satanist works and Stewart's MEPHISTO WALTZ, television productions like Rod Serling's NIGHT GALLERY, and graphic-story magazines such as SKYWALD'S NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO, featuring the brain-bending fables of Ed Fedory, Dennis Fujitake, Doug Moench and many talented others.

THANK the ever-fickle winds of fate for this boom, for it was not always so fortunate a prospectus. The weird tale is found often in the myths of many civilizations past, as perhaps we might see as far back as Ancient Greece when the poet Petronius wrote THE FEAST OF TRIMALCHIO, which turned out to be the tale, thought the first, of a horrendous werewolf! And presented in Egypt as illustrated hieroglyphs, bizarre tales of the blue Nile are considered the founding writ of the graphic-story medium, and in our own sense surely, the great grand-mummies of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE!

When stories were needed for entertainment during the lonely black nights of the dark ages in Europe, macabre poems and fantasies were invented of the evil vampire bats and bloody ghouls that stalked without, while within listeners huddled even closer to their red hearths to warm their shuddering hearts. Shakespeare hinted at horrors in his works HAMLET and MACBETH, and in the centuries soon to follow was succeeded by Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, F. Marion Crawford, Guy de Maupassant, Lord Dunsany, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, Arthur Machen, Saki, Mary Shelley, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bram Stoker and Oscar Wilde.

Late LAST century Edgar Allan Poe registered as our resident horror-laureate with his CONQUEROR WORM, PREMATURE BURIAL, HOUSE OF USHER and THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM. Early THIS century H. P. Lovecraft decidedly became our contemporary master with his HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS and THE SHUNNED HOUSE.

BOOM-PERIODS of public interest in horror are a relatively unique phenomena of this century. In centuries before ours, readers of horror-terror-suspense novels were constant and appreciative, rarely (as unfortunately the sad situation is these days) reducing the medium to scorn and ridicule. From the teens through the late 30's many home-grown pulp magazines presented new authors of the macabre — the magazines: HORROR STORIES, TERROR TALES, WEIRD TALES, STRANGE TALES and THE POPULAR MAGAZINE; the authors: Mary Counselman, August Derleth, Robert E. Howard, Malcolm Jameson, H. P. Lovecraft, C. A. Smith and Tennessee Williams. And then there were the movies of Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, often adapted from horror classics: Stoker's DRACULA, Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN, OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS, and Gaston Leroux's THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. To speculate on the reasons for the popularity of this bizarre genre, we borrow a quote from Lovecraft: 'The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown!'

The horror story demands of each reader a capacity for detachment from the reality of every-day life; it requires of him a rather astounding degree of imagination and mind-enterprise. Indeed the SERIOUS reader of the macabre is to be congratulated, for unlike the ever-flitting, un-demanding readers of science fiction (speculative fiction), detective, romance, mystery and adventure pulp, he calls only a FEW things 'great', — he is appalled at put-ons and is not amused by gore-for-the-sake-of-gore, weird and angry dialogue, or warped humor. Bid welcome to THIS boom, it's been a dry 30 years in coming, but placed in proper historical perspective it may be the biggest boom yet!

THERE HAVE BEEN BATTLES IN MAN'S BLACK HISTORY...
BATTLES FOR LOVE... BATTLES FOR POWER AND TERRITORY
...BATTLES FOR MONEY AND PROPERTY...
THIS STORY STARTS WITH A BATTLE IN A TINY - MID - EUR-
OPEAN COUNTRY DURING THE 14 TH CENTURY...
... WE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH WHY THIS BATTLE IS BEING
WAGED, NOR HOW - WE ARE CONCERNED ONLY THAT IT IS NOW
ENDING AS WE START OUR STORY...
ENDING IN VICTORY FOR KING WALTER THE PROUD...
ENDING IN THE LOSS OF A COUNTRY BY ITS QUEEN...
QUEEN ANNE THE BEAUTIFUL...
AND TO START A TALE WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS
...IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY...

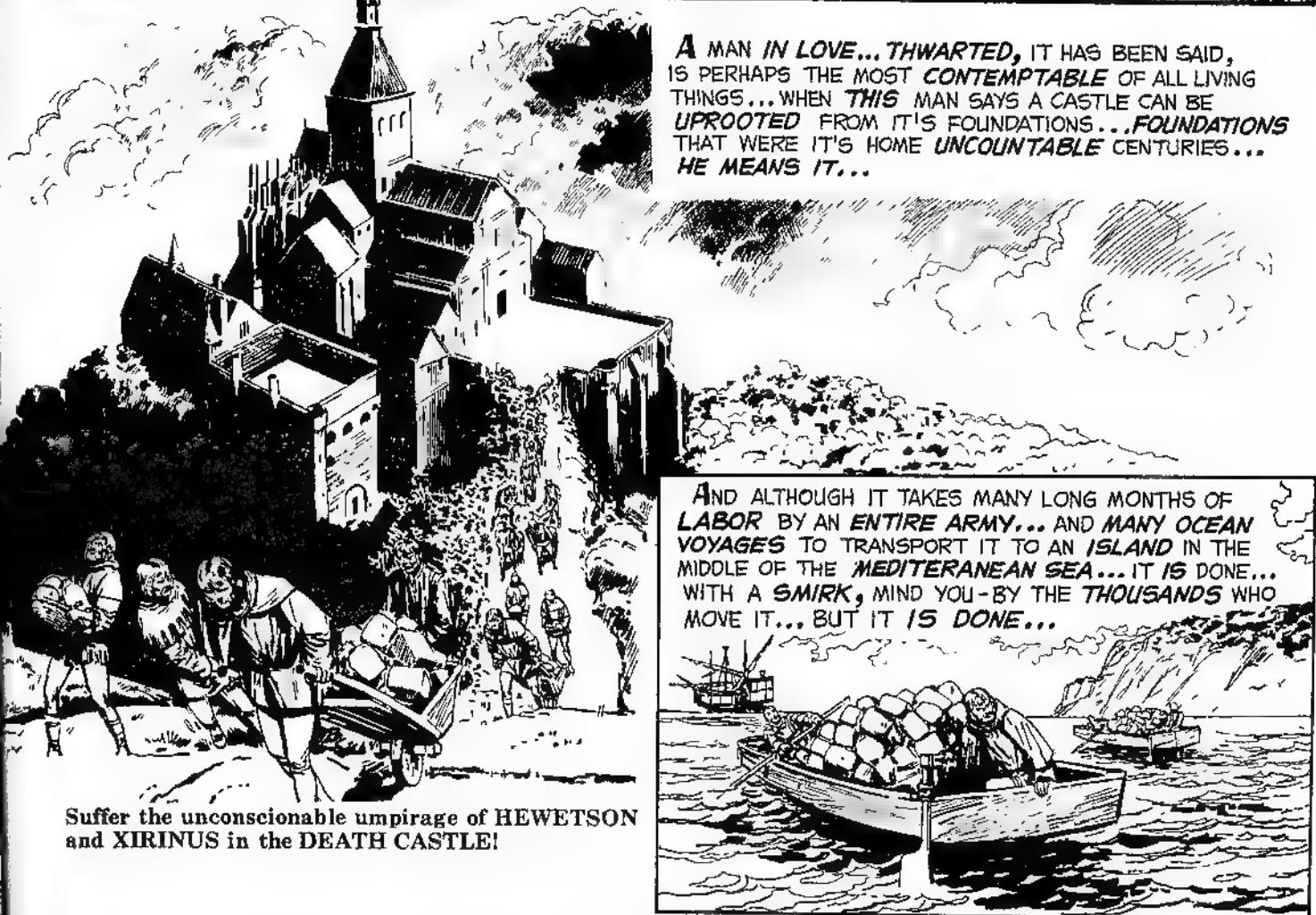
have you ever seen the **BLACK RAIN?**

CHAPTER ONE: A CASTLE MACABRE





A MAN IN LOVE...THWARTED, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IS PERHAPS THE MOST CONTEMPTABLE OF ALL LIVING THINGS...WHEN **THIS** MAN SAYS A CASTLE CAN BE UPROOTED FROM IT'S FOUNDATIONS...**FOUNDATIONS** THAT WERE IT'S HOME UNCOUNTABLE CENTURIES... **HE MEANS IT...**



Suffer the unconscionable umpirage of HEWETSON and XIRINUS in the DEATH CASTLE!

AND ALTHOUGH IT TAKES MANY LONG MONTHS OF LABOR BY AN ENTIRE ARMY... AND MANY OCEAN VOYAGES TO TRANSPORT IT TO AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MEDITERANEAN SEA... IT IS DONE... WITH A SMIRK, MIND YOU-BY THE THOUSANDS WHO MOVE IT... BUT IT IS DONE...

NOW...IF YOU WILL IMAGINE IT AS A MERE
YEAR LATER...YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF ON A
TINY ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE...
WITH A QUEEN...AND A CASTLE... AND
THAT...IS...ALL...

NOTHING!

...HE'S LEFT ME
WITH **NOTHING**...
NO SERVANTS...
NO GUARDS...
NOT A ONE...

I SHOULD HAVE
MARRIED HIM... I
DID LOVE HIM
ONCE...

...ONCE WHEN I WAS
YOUNG AND FANCIFUL...
AND HE WAS YOUNG,
UNMARRED BY
BATTLES AND WARS...



OH WHY...WHY
DID I HAVE TO
MAKE THAT MOVE
FOR THE SANTINA
VALLEY...IT WAS
NOT WORTH
THIS TO ME...

...NOT MY
COUNTRY
...MY
LIFE...

...I SHOULD
HAVE **KNOWN**
HE WOULD USE
THE VICTORY TO
HIS OWN ENDS...
BUT MY **PRISE**
WOULD NOT LET
ME SUCCUMB...

...SUCCUMB
TO A FATE
THAT I DID NOT
...DID NOT
CHERISH
PERHAPS
BUT...IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN
BETTER THAN
EXILE AND
THIS
ETERNAL
LONELINESS...

AM I DOOMED TO WALK
THROUGH THESE **EMPTY HALLS**
FOREVER...UNTIL I **DIE**? A SWIFT
DEATH WOULD HAVE BEEN
KINDER... **KINDER BY FAR**!

STILL...THERE ARE **WAYS AND**
MEANS YET OPEN TO ME...AT
LEAST FOR **REVENGE**...

...MY FATHER WAS A **DABBLER**
IN **BLACK MAGIC**... THE CONJURING
UP OF **MAD DEMONS AND SATANIC**
HELPERS...

...I LEARNED **MUCH** FROM HIM
AS A **CHILD**... WATCHING SILENTLY
FROM THE **SHADOWS** WHEN HE DID
NOT KNOW I WAS **PRESENT**...

I KNOW THE
WAYS...OF THE
BLACK ARTS...
AND I SHALL **USE**
THEM... IN A LITTLE
DABBING OF
MY OWN...

DID SHE SAY DABBLE?

NO GREATER UNDERSTATEMENT WAS MADE DURING THE 14TH CENTURY THAN QUEEN ANNE'S USE OF THE WORD **DABBLE**... FOR HER **EXPERIMENTS** IN THE BLACK ARTS MAKE HER **FATHER'S** CONTACT WITH SATAN SEEM PATHETICALLY CHILDISH BY COMPARISON...



IT IS NOW DAYS... WEEKS LATER... QUEEN ANNE DOES NOT CARE MUCH HOW FAST THE TIME PASSES... WHY SHOULD WE?



ALL WHO CALL UPON ME ARE SATISFIED MY LADY...

...BUT ALL WHO CALL MUST PAY THE PRICE... ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY THE PRICE?

YES--
ALTHOUGH I KNOW NOT WHAT MORE
I CAN GIVE... IT
SEEMS I HAVE
ALREADY GIVEN
EVERYTHING...

...YOU WILL SEE
MY LADY... YOU
SHALL SEE...

IT IS NOW THAT WE LEAVE THIS TIME OF THE STORY... AND MOVE RAPIDLY INTO ANOTHER... SOME TWO YEARS LATER... WHEN ANOTHER BATTLE WAGES...

...ANOTHER VICTORY--BY KING RUPERT THE BOLD...

...ANOTHER VANQUISHED SOUL CRIES OUT FOR MERCY AFTER THIS BATTLE TOO... KING WALTER THE PROUD... WHICH SETS THE PACE TO START THE 2nd DIMENSION TO OUR GOTHIC TALE...

CHAPTER TWO:
THE
QUEEN
OF
BLOOD!



YOUR HIGHNESS...QUICKLY--INTO
THE ROBES OF MY FELLOW PRIEST...
HE WILL TAKE YOUR PLACE AND I
CAN SMUGGLE YOU OUT OF THIS VILE
PRISON DISGUISED AS HE!

VILE PRISON IT UNQUESTIONABLY
IS... FOR IT WAS ONCE MINE...
MERE WEEKS AGO...

...NOW IN MY
OWN PRISON...
THEY PUT ME TO
TORTURE...TO
THE RACK!

YOU PRESENT ME WITH AN
EXCELLENT SCHEME FOR
ESCAPE PRIEST...BUT WHAT
ABOUT YOUR FELLOW PRIEST...

...WHEN THEY
DISCOVER HE IS NOT
ME THEY'LL
KILL HIM...

HE GIVES
UP HIS LIFE
FOR YOU SIRE...
HE ONLY HAS
WEEKS LEFT
TO LIVE IN
ANY EVENT...

IN OPEN SEA THEY HAVE TIME FOR
REFLECTION...

TO WHAT
PORT DO WE
SET SAIL
SIRE...

THERE IS ONLY
ONE WHERE I CAN
KNOW TRUE REFUGE...
ONLY ONE WHERE
RUPERT WILL NOT
FIND ME...

...WHERE
OUR POSSESSION
WILL COME EASILY...FOR
THIS PORT HAS NO GUARDS...
NO SOLDIERS TO PROVIDE
US WITH AN
OPPOSITION...

...I SPEAK OF...
THE ISLE LE
MONTE SAINT-
SADE...

SIRE...BLACK CLOUDS
GATHER OVERHEAD...IT DOES
NOT LOOK GOOD...THE STORM
THAT IS GATHERING WILL BE
FURIOUS...





WHEN THE GOOD SHIP 'WILHELM' SMASHES INTO THE ROCKY COASTLINE OF THE ISLE LE MONTE SAINT-SADE THE MEN ABOARD HAVE FEW WORDS... THEY ARE REPLACED BY SCREAMS AND CRIES... AS THEY LEAP INTO THE CHURNING WATERS IN A PATHETIC LAST ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR LIVES...

AND WHEN THE COUNT IS TAKEN OF AN ORIGINAL COMPLIMENT OF 28 MEN... ONLY 2 REMAIN... ONLY 2... A KING AND A PRIEST... AND WHY THEY ALONE WERE SAVED ONLY GOD KNOWS... OR PERHAPS SATAN...

ALL DEAD SIRE...
ALL OF THEM...

IT MATTERS NOT...
THEY HAD SERVED
THEIR PURPOSE...

BUT YOUR HIGHNESS... THEY
WERE DEVOTED TO YOU... EVEN
AS THE HOLY MAN WHO GAVE
UP HIS LIFE FOR YOU IN
THE DUNGEON...

IT MATTERS NOT TO ME HOW
MUCH THEIR DEDICATION WAS...
IT MAKES THEM FOOLS TO BE
SO EASILY TAKEN ADVANTAGE
OF...

AND THE PRIEST WHO
GAVE UP HIS LIFE?

AND THE PRIEST
TOO--PERHAPS
HE PLAYED THE FOOL
MORE THAN THE
OTHERS... TO
SHORTEN HIS LIFE BY
EVEN A MOMENT FOR
ANOTHER MAN...

...IDIOTY... HE
DESERVED HIS
POINTLESS DEATH!

ARE YOU SO
DECEITFUL THAT
YOU WOULD BETRAY
EVEN GOD?

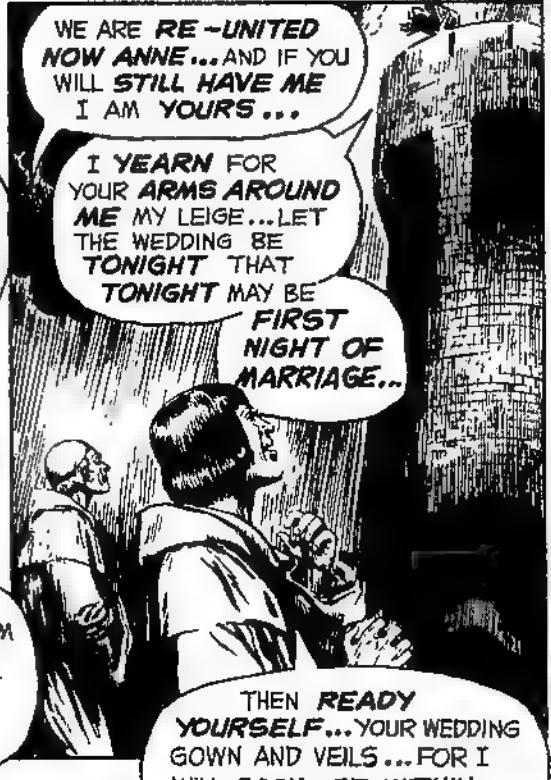
...THAT NOISE...
FROM ABOVE... A
VOICE FROM THE
TURRET!

THANK DEAR
GOD YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE DEAR
WALTER...

QUEEN ANNE...

...HOW DID YOU
KNOW... IT WAS
MY SHIP?

BECAUSE IT WAS
I WHO BROUGHT YOU
TO THIS NEAR-DEATH
WALTER... EVEN AS IT
WAS MY DOING YOU
WERE DEFEATED
IN BATTLE!



WITHIN THE HOUR A **BLACK CEREMONY** TAKES PLACE
WITHIN THE **BLACK WALLS** OF CASTLE LE MONTE SAINT-
SADE -- A BLACK CEREMONY
WHEREIN THE **BRIDE** IS
MOCKINGLY DRESSED IN
WHITE...



EGO CONJUNGO VOS
IN **MATRIMONIUM**,
IN NOMINE PATRIS,
ET FILII - ET
SPIRITUS SANCTI...

THEN **READY**
YOURSELF... YOUR WEDDING
GOWN AND VEILS... FOR I
WILL SOON BE **WITHIN**
THOSE **NOW-SACRED**
WALLS SWEET ANNE...

... ACCOMPANIED BY A
PRIEST WHO WILL GIVE
GOD'S BLESSING
TO US...



**AND WHEN THE BRIDE LIFTS
HER VEIL THERE IS A GASP
OF HORROR FROM THE
PRIEST AND THE KING...AND
A HIDEOUS LAUGH OF
HORROR FROM THE
BRIDE...**

NOW MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE MY
HUSBAND... HOW I HATE YOU... DESPISE
YOU... FOR ROBBING ME OF MY LAND...
MY TITLE...
NOW MY
FACE...



EEEEEEAAAARRAUUUUHHHHH!



Sink to incredible depths of horror with HEWETSON and TORRENTS in...

IT LIES HIDDEN FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD... THIS TOWN... THIS HOUSE... LIES HIDDEN WITHIN A CLUMP OF TWISTED, SNARLING TREES TOO ASHAMED TO STAND TALL.. IT GROANS EVERY SO OFTEN, AND SHAKES AND CREAKS -- AND IT HAS A STORY -- THE STORY OF...

THE FILTHY LITTLE House

OF WOOD

EVERY FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE HAS ITS OWN FILTHY LITTLE STORY... THIS ONE IS PERHAPS STRANGER THAN MOST -- FOR STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN WITHIN ITS HELLWROUGHT DOORS-- STRANGE THINGS THAT OVER THE YEARS HAVE MADE IT A HOUSE TO BE FEARED... BUT WE'RE GETTING AHEAD OF OURSELVES...

FOR OUR STORY STARTS LONG BEFORE THIS MACABRE SCENE...

DEAR GOD --
IT'S COME ALIVE --
THE THING IN THE
PAINTING IS
ALIVE CHOKING
ME -- KILLING
ME!!

HUSH CHILD --
IF YOU QUIET YOURSELF
YOU WILL QUICKLY FIND
YOURSELF FREE OF MY
TWISTING FINGERS...

...BUT NOT MY
ABSOLUTE
POWER!

IT STARTS IN A DESERT ON THE
UNDERSIDE OF THE WORLD... THE
AUSTRALIAN BADLANDS... WHERE
TWO YOUNG GIRLS GROPING FOR A
MEANING TO LIFE... INSTEAD
FIND...

A TOWN!

A TOWN? --
THERE'S NO
TOWN ON THE
MAP -- WE MUST
BE REALLY
LOST...

THIS PLACE IS
WEIRD -- LOOK AT
ALL THE OLD
PEOPLE...

THERE'S
NOT ANYBODY
UNDER SEVENTY
IN SIGHT...



THIS PLACE GIVES
ME THE CREEPS...

GIVES ME THE
CREEPS TOO -- BUT
WE'VE GOT TO REST
SOMEWHERE A
COUPLA DAYS...
...CAN T DRIVE IN
THE DESERT
ENDLESSLY -- WE'RE
SEEKERS OF THE
TRUTH,
REMEMBER? - WELL
WE'VE FOUND
SOMETHING...
...IT MAY NOT
BE MUCH
BUT...

EXCUSE ME ...
SIR ... SIR? WE'RE
LOOKING FOR A
HOTEL -- A ROOM
SOMEWHERE...

...WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH H M -- THE
EXPRESSION ON
HIS FACE...



NEVER MIND
HIS FACE LINDA -- HIS
EYES -- LOOK AT
HIS EYES...
BLANK!

EVERYBODY
IS THE SAME...

LOOK AT
THAT COUPLE --
SITTING LIKE A
COUPLA ZOMBIES...
PLAYING WITH
DOLLS...











EVEN AS THE THING IN
THE PAINTING HAS
BECOME THE ROOM
... SO NOW IT AWFULLY
SHUNTS THE TERRIFIED
GIRLS LIKE SOME
DEPRAVED NIGHTMARE...

... PUSHES THEM...
LIKE PUTTY!

NOW AS THIS LIVING, FILTHY
LITTLE HOUSE BLOCKS OFF ALL
MANNER OF POSSIBLE **EXIT**
THERE IS **NOTHING** FOR THE
GIRLS TO SAY...

...NOTHING FOR THEM TO DO
... SAVE HOLD THEIR **HEARTS** IN
THEIR **MOUTHS**... **GINGERLY**...
FOR LIFE AND **SANITY** IS AT
STAKE! THE WALLS OF THE CELLAR
PUSH AND **SHOVE** THEM...
SNAKE-LIKE THINGS WRAP THEIR
TENDER YOUNG BODIES IN A GRIP
OF MENACING **DEATH**...







WHAT IS THE VOODOO?...
WHY, I AM THE VOODOO...

...EVEN AS YOU HUMANS HAVE
NAMES... SO DO WE ANCIENT
ONES...

...AND MY NAME IS...

...VOODOO!



VOODOO BIDS WARM PARASITICAL WELCOME
TO THE NEWCOMERS... YOU SEE HOW EVEN
ALREADY THE GIRLS BEGIN TO CHANGE... AS
THEIR ENERGY -- THEIR VERY LIFE IS
SUCKED FROM THEM?

...SOON THEY TOO WILL BE PLAYING WITH THE
DOLLS!

OH, THE DOLLS, YOU WANT TO KNOW OF THE
DOLLS -- WHY THE DOLLS ARE SO IMPORTANT
TO THE VILLAGERS?

DOLLS ARE VERY IMPORTANT... TO OLD, SENILE
PEOPLE... IF YOU WERE 300 HUNDRED YEARS
OLD...

...YOU TOO WOULD PLAY WITH DOLLS...
...IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF...

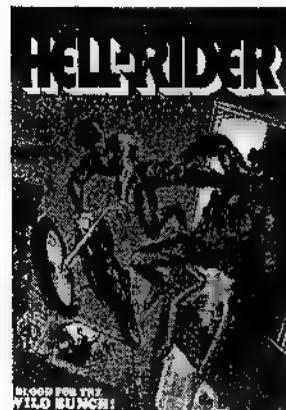
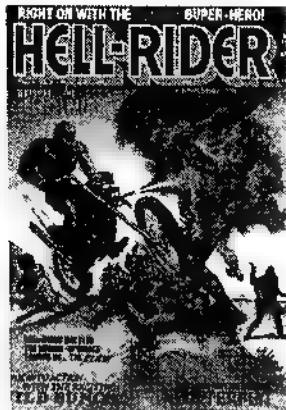
...VOODOO...



**The encyclopedic word
for HELL-RIDER is...**

EXPLOSIVE!!

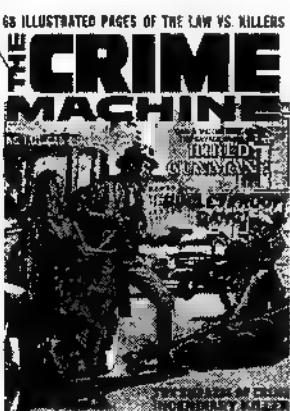
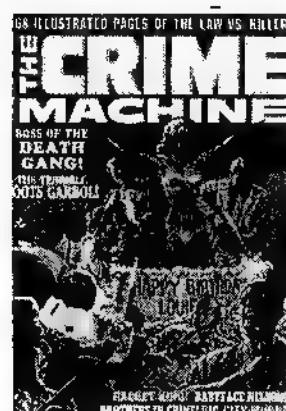
. . . and the word for the first and second issues of this explosive bike trip into the turvy world of Brick Reese... superhero, radical, crime-fighter. . . is RARE. . . . These issues are SO rare they are already COLLECTOR'S ITEMS in the graphic story libraries of fandom. . .



The mighty ORIGIN of America's cycle riding cyclone was made history in this frantic first issue . . . which also introduces the toughest team of streetfighters EVER . . . 'THE WILD BUNCH' . . . and the dynamic and beautiful black 'BUTTERFLY'!

NIGHT . . . evil, stark night in the gutters of the fear-gutted city . . . the whispered wheeling and dealing is hushed as the maniacal drone of blazing bikes announces the coming of 'THE WILD BUNCH' and 'HELL-RIDER' . . . in a terrifying team-up to blow your brain, torment it, and send it reeling into the NEXT CENTURY!

**\$2.00 for each copy plus
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FEAR-FRACTURED BACK-ISSUES!

BAD CHOKE

FOR A WHILE THE GRAVEYARD WAS QUIET, SAVE FOR THE WHISTLING WIND AND THE WHOOTING OF AN OWL. THEN CAME THE SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS, QUIETLY THUMPING ALONG THE DRY EARTH... AND THE SOUNDS OF TWO POUNDING HEARTS...



Take a trip thru the choking tombs with JUEZ XIRINIUS and DONGLUT!

GREEN'S EYES FLARED WITH A MAD FIRE LANGLEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE...



THEY BOTH DUG. THE GRAVE WAS NEW AND THE EARTH WAS EASILY VIOLATED. AT LAST THEIR SHOVELS STRUCK SOMETHING SOLID...



THE TWO MEN -- ONE ANXIOUS, THE OTHER SHIVERING IN HIS CLOTHES -- USED THEIR IMPLEMENTS TO Pry OPEN THE TOP OF THE CASKET.



THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXTRACT GOLD FILLINGS. SUDDENLY...



THERE WERE MANY CONCEALING SHADOWS...AND GRAVESTONES TO BLOCK BULLETS...



THE TWO GRAVEROBBERS HAD ESCAPED. SOON, BACK AT THEIR CHEAP HOTEL...



IT'LL LOOK NICE ON MY FINGER. A REAL DIAMOND ON OLD GREEN'S FINGER! THAT'S A LAUGH!

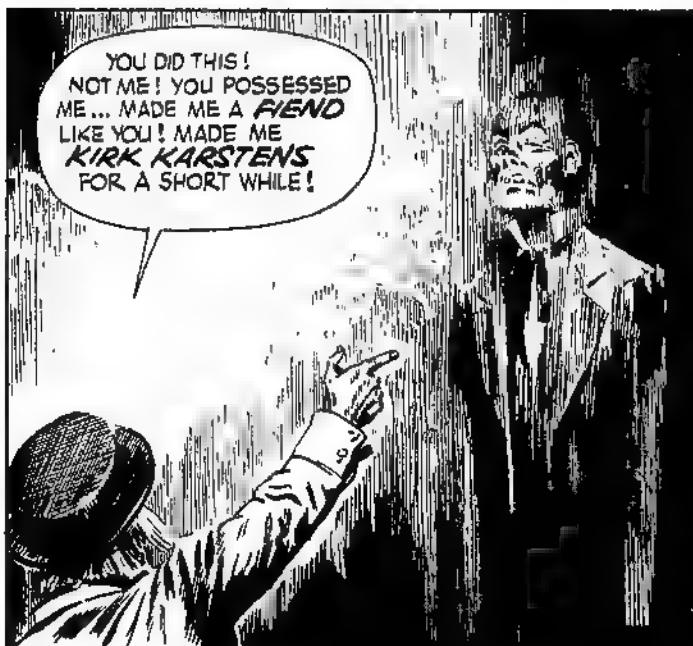
NO, DON'T PUT IT ON! IT'S CURSED BY MAD KIRK KARSTENS!



AND YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT! I DON'T WANT ANYMORE OF CORPSES AND GRAVES!

IT'S LIKE SOME FORCE IS HOLDING IT ON AND... GOOD LORD!!!





LANGLEY HAD NOT SEEN THE GHOST. PERHAPS IT WASN'T THERE, GREEN TRIED CONVINCING HIMSELF. STILL, THE TRANSPARENT FORM MOVED CLOSER TO H.M., GRINNING WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF THE KILL!



HE KILLED HIS FRIEND! AND THEN... SOMEHOW... HE STRANGLED HIMSELF! HE MUSTA BEEN TOTALLY INSANE!

IN A HOTEL WITH PAPER-THIN WALLS, SUCH SCREAMING DID NOT GO UNNOTICED...



THOSE NOISES SOUNDED LIKE THEY WERE COMIN' FROM THAT GREEN'S ROOM! COME ON! FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM, HE'S PROBABLY KILLIN' HIS PARTNER!

THEY PUT THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH TO THE LOCKED DOOR. IT SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL AND...



original

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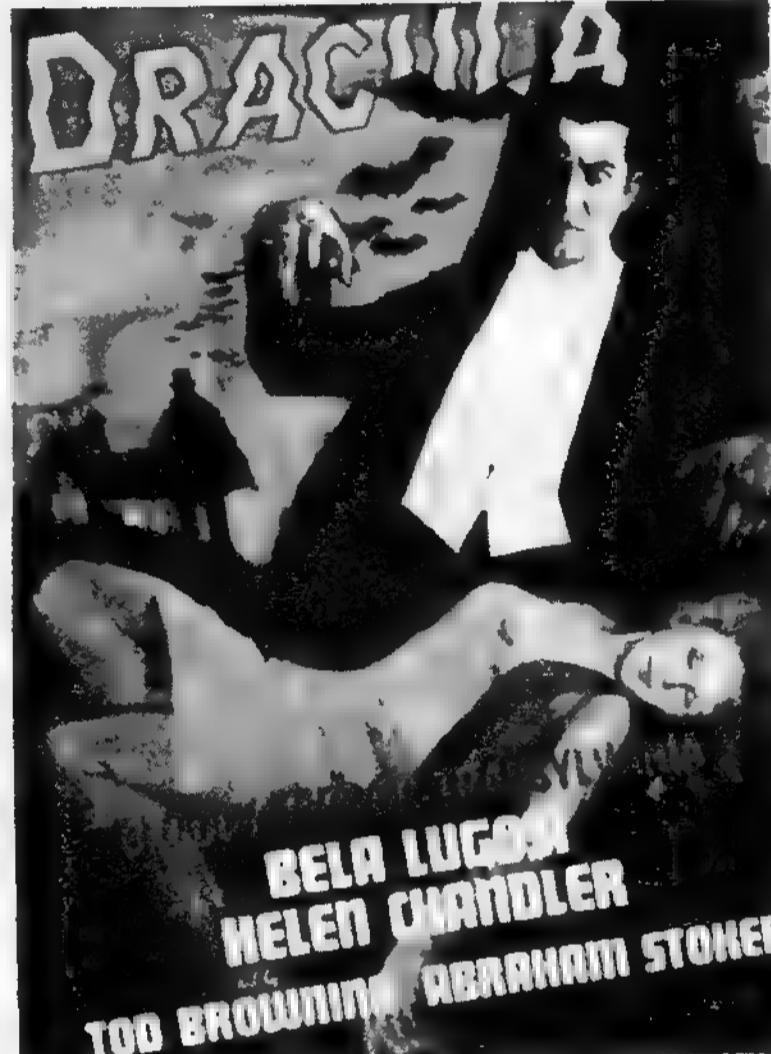


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An adventure in burning in sanity by ANDERSON and VILLANOVA

IT IS THE YEAR 1922 -- AN ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAM IS DIGGING IN THE SANDS OF CAIRO, EGYPT -- IN SEARCH OF THE TOMB OF PHARAOH RAMAKEN...

...THE TEAM CONSISTS OF 3 ARCHEOLOGISTS - 2 MEN -- AND A WOMAN... AS YOU CAN SEE... AN UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!



THEY HAVE BEEN DIGGING FOR OVER SEVEN MONTHS -- SCRAPPING ENDLESS MOUNDS OF SAND AS DE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE LAST REMAINING, UNDISCOVERED TOMB OF A PHARAOH -- THE 5 WORKERS EMPLOYED LOCALLY ARE TIRED... THEY WANT OUT... AND MORE THAN ONCE THERE IS NEAR REBELLION...

AUGUST 30 - 1922 -- THEY MAKE THEIR FIND...THE UNDERGROUND CRYPT OF THE PHARAOH--AND IN THEIR HURRY... THEY FAIL TO NOTICE SOME HIEROGLYPHICS ON A TABLET NEAR THE ENTRANCE...



HIEROGLYPHICS THAT INDICATE A CURSE -- IF ANY MAN ENTER HE WILL SOON DIE -- DIE AS BEFITTING HIS CHARACTER...



-- AND SO STARTS OUR TALE --

CITY OF CRIPTS

THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION IS THE MAN CALLED JACOB ANDREWS... HIS ASSISTANT IS BASIL FIELDS... AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS BERENICE... A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS, NEEDS NO LAST NAME...



BRRAAAP!

THOSE WORKERS ARE CALLED... THIEVES!
AS SOON AS THEY ARE IN THE TOMB THEY
BECOME GREEDY AND WANT MORE THAN
WAS BARGAINED FOR...

STOP... STOP...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
HAVE YOU ALL GONE
MAD?



TRAPPED -- IF WE
DON'T FIND A SOURCE
OF AIR SOON WHAT
LITTLE IS LEFT EVEN
NOW WILL SOON
DISAPPEAR!

THEN
SEARCH FOR
A SOURCE...
SEARCH!



POOOING!



I KNEW WE
WOULD -- THESE
THINGS ALWAYS HAD AT
LEAST **ONE** ESCAPE
ROUTE...

STOP PRATTLING
THAT ROMANTIC DRivel --
WE'RE IN A SERIOUS
SITUATION... IF THIS
DOESN'T LEAD SOMEWHERE
WE MAY NEVER GET OUT...

A FEW THIEVES
CAN'T LESSEN THE
MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT
FOR ME... THIS FIND IS
TOO IMPORTANT... IF YOU
LOVED YOUR WORK AS
MUCH AS I DO YOU'D...

STOP IT -- BOTH
OF YOU -- I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THIS LEADS -- BUT
IT HAD BETTER LEAD TO
A SOURCE OF WATER --

I'M
FILTHY
FROM THE
GRIME OF
THOUSANDS
OF YEARS...

IT GETS NARROW
HERE -- BEST LET US GO
AHEAD BERENICE -- WE'LL
COME BACK FOR YOU ONCE
WE TEST IT... LOOKS
PRETTY WEAK...

MY GOD BERENICE --
AT A TIME LIKE THIS YOU
HAVE TO... THINK OF HOW
YOU **LOOK!**

IF EVER THE
OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED
ITSELF ANDREWS... THIS IS
IT! HOW YOU CAN TALK THE
WAY YOU DO... SCORNFULLY...
ABOUT THE WOMAN I
SECRETLY LOVE...

...YOU DESERVE
NOTHING BUT
DEATH!

MY GOD - WHAT
ARE YOU... MY GOD
BASIL THIS IS
MURDER...
...AAAAUUUUGHHH!

THAT'S THE
END OF IT -- NOW
THE WOMAN IS MINE!
NO MORE LIES...
DECEPTION -- NOW
SHE'S ONLY MINE!

JACOB -- IS
DEAD...HORRIBLE --
THE LEDGE BENEATH
HIM GAVE WAY...

HE LOST HIS
FOOTING!

THE ONLY REASON I EVEN
LOOKED AT YOU WAS OUT OF
SHEER BOREDOM... YOU
AMUSED ME...

... SEVEN MONTHS IN THIS
DESERT HOLE...

...WHAT DID YOU EXPECT ME

TO DO...

WHAT?... NO TEARS WOMAN?
--- I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LOVE
HIM -- THAT YOU LOVED ME...
...BUT SURELY A
COUPLE OF TEARS!

LOVE YOU -- YOU
IDIOT! I LOVE YOU AS
MUCH AS I LOVED HIM...
AND I NEVER LOVED
HIM... I HATED HIM...

ROT... WHILE
THAT MORON I WAS
MARRIED TO PLAYED
WITH HIS BLOODY
PRECIOUS BITS OF
...OF...

... SAND AND FILTHY
RELICS...

WHY YOU VAIN,
POMPOUS...

HOLD!

THE DEEPLY ENDLESS BICKERING SUDDENLY STILLED. THE WOMAN BERENICE FAINTS. BASIL FIELDS IS STRUCK AWFULY, FRIGHTFULLY DUMB...

FOR WHAT CONFRONTS THESE TWO IN THAT DESERT BEYOND THE SANDS OF EGYPT IS BEYOND WORDS...

THE SUB-MAN THINGS THAT HAVE NO ARMS AND BARELY DESCRIBBABLE LEGS, AND EYES BURN BLACK FROM THOUSANDS OF EARS OF NEAR BLACKNESS. THESE SUB-MAN THINGS DO NOT OPEN WHAT PATHETIC CAVITIES DAILY A WRETCHED FEW ON THIS EARTH WOULD CALL A MOUTH... THEY HAVE NO NEED OF COMMUNICATION AT THIS MOMENT...

WHAT CAN BE SAID? WELCOME? DOUBTFUL IF THEY EVEN KNOW OF THE WORD "CAN ONLY BE SPECIFIED ACCORDING TO MAN'S JEST..."

BUT THEY DID SAY A SUCH A MEANINGLESS WORD. THEY MIGHT SEE IT TO SAY "WELCOME TO THE PLACE APTLY CALLED... CITY OF CRYPTS!"...

THAT HOUR WAS ENDLESS FOR BASIL FIELDS... NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND STARE OUT A Gaping Hole AT THE THINGS AS THEY CREEP PASSED...

...NOW WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL BERENICE WAKES... THE MISERY IS COMPOUNDED... FOR HER SCREAMS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE BLACK CITY AND FILL HIS EARS WITH EMACIATED FEAR...



YOU ARE MINE--
YOU BELONG TO
ME--AS SPAWN
OF OUR TRIBE IT
IS MY DUTY...

MY GOD...
WHAT...

TO PRODUCE
YOUNG -- IT IS MY
DUTY TO PRODUCE
YOUNG...

DUTY
TO DO
WHAT...

...YOU CAN'T MEAN
IT...YOU CAN'T... IT
DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...
HOW CAN I...

YOU... YOU WILL SERVE
AS ENERGY FOR MY MATE... AS
FOOD YOU SEEM BETTER THAN
THE SCRAWNLY THINGS FOUND
HERE... AS FOOD YOU WILL
SERVE WELL...

AAAUAHHH!

WHAT ABOUT ME
...AM I TO BE FOOD
TOO... WHO WILL I
BE FED TO...

TO US
ALL...

AAAUAUGH!!

THE SIGN...
THE SIGN...

IT IS THE
PRINCESS...
THE MASTER'S
DAUGHTER...

IT'S A BIRTHMARK...
THAT IS ALL... A MERE
BIRTHMARK...

NEVERTHELESS...



THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN RUNS... RUNS AS HER LITTLE LEGS HAVE NEVER CARRIED HER... RUNS AND RUNS...

...AND AS SHE RUNS... AND SCREAMS... BEHIND HER SLOWLY CRAWL THE THINGS... SLIDING THROUGH THE DRIED MUD THAT IS THEIR HOME... BUT THEY DO NOT SCREAM... WHAT WOULD BE THE PURPOSE... THEY ARE THE HUNTERS... NOT THE HUNTED...

EEEEAAAAAA



THROUGH THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS... AWAY FROM THAT DEPRAVED SCENE WHICH NOW CUTS INTO HER MIND AND MAKES HER SHRIEK LOUDER...LOUDER...

THE WORKERS... ALL DEAD... THEY LOOK SUFFOCATED... HALF COVERED BY SAND... MUST HAVE BEEN A SAND STORM...



THE DOOR... IS OPEN...

IFR 2055
1 2

MY HUSBAND...
JACOB... WILL REMAIN
FOREVER IN THE TOMB
HE SO LOVED...

...IF ANY MAN... ENTER...
HE WILL SOON... DIE... AS
BEFITTING HIS...
CHARACTER...

A CURSE... NO ONE SAW IT...

...BUT IT'S COME TRUE...

THE WORKERS TRIED TO SUFFOCATE US...
THEY DIED FROM SUFFOCATION IN THE
DUST STORM...

...BUT WHAT
ABOUT ME... WHY
AM I NOT DEAD...

...AND BASIL...
A MAN WHO WANTED
LOVE SO MUCH...
...DIED IN THE
CAUSE OF LOVE...

YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD... LOOK AT
YOURSELF VAIN WOMAN...



IF YOU EVER MAKE IT BACK TO CAIRO JUST TAKE A LOOK AT
YOURSELF... YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD...
...AS BEFITTING YOUR CHARACTER...

THE
END

THE PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE ANNUALS

IF THE WORD HORROR MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU THEN SKYWALD'S PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE ANNUALS WILL RIP ALL VESTIGE OF MEANING FROM YOUR MIND — ALL MANNER OF MAD, MANIACAL MOCKING REASON . . . BECAUSE THEY ARE THE EPITOME OF SHEER IMAGE-WROUGHT TERROR!

LET YOUR BRAIN-STRINGS GRAB ONTO:

'LUCIFER AWAITS YOU'

'THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE'

'FURNACE OF HELL'

'BURN, BABY, BURN!'

AND

'BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT' . . .

IN WHICH AN ASTOUNDING GROUP OF OTHER-WORLD SPAWNED OFFSPRING BID YOU BIZARRE TIDINGS ON THEIR BIRTHDAY MORN . . .

FEAST YOUR IMAGINATION IN . . .

THE FIRST
ALL-ORIGINAL
HORROR ANNUALS
EVER!



... AND THE
PSYCHO
ANNUAL

... ON SALE NOW
JUNE 29/72

